

Hey baby bring me something to drink in here  
Sit down and watch a little TV.

(static) Yo they comin'. It's crazy but I know it they comin'. Maybe not  
lately I feel it coming. I knew it, they comin'. (static) This just in.  
President (static) I guarantee (static) Jim...Jimmy, Jimmy wake up. Jimmy!  
(static) Only the Lord can save (static) 5.99 no obligation (static) Let me  
start to rock this mic (static) Now the polar bear hybernates (static) And  
and what was going through your mind right now.

Look aat these weak MC's getting G's  
Never wore BVD's or even bellbottom Lees  
Please, with these fantisies about you selliing keys  
When you know you bees in front of the TV eatin' grilled cheese  
On your knees you know my steez  
Kris is nice with theses M-I-Cs  
I'm Poison like BBD the plot thickens while I be hitten  
And lyric lickin', flippin' any mix and over the skippin'  
And cable clippin', still sickenin'  
Even though some people ain't admitting  
Through they system I keeps it kickin'  
And tippin' the scale I pay tuiton not bail  
Drink water not ale, MC Hammer hits it right on the nail  
I can't fail with my 7 stripes  
Strike one pierces the lung over the drum MC's become dumb  
Like "um?" They numb, bite the tongue over the bass drum  
I am D the MC like Run, spittin' lyrics for fun  
And for a sum of the bread crumb  
You missed when you swung, I connected whole hum  
Another one done underestimated KRS-1, yeah so...

Say blowe  
If you really want true skill  
Say blowe  
If you want the hip hop to build  
Say blowe  
We rock it all year round  
You better cool the F out before we go up in your mouth

It's just beguuuun, to bubble  
KRS-Onnnne spells trouble  
On the mic soooon there is no double  
I emerge from under the rumble  
Count the truth poetic construction, audio abduction  
Showbiz production for wack lyric reduction  
And fly rhyme instruction keep the party hoppin'  
Keep the DJs buggin' for the orthodox  
Non Xerox hip hop chatter box  
It was dope first crack out the box with Scott LaRock  
How MC's are washed up like sweat socks  
KRS-1 makes the heads nod

KRS-1  
Yes my son  
Tweet tweet (2x)  
You know they can't compete, ain't that right  
No doubt. You better cool the F out before we go up in your mouth

When it's my turn kid, look at what you done did  
Like my head is dreadful you edible  
I kick incredible shit, for my poeple  
I'm jackin' these like me so sue and Stretch like Bobbito overloops  
While you sittin' on stoops I'm rockin' mics for U.S. troops in group  
You screwed up, oops, I can read a true crook  
Like I can read a good book  
I'm hooked on hip hop culture  
Look at the tip top lyrical structure  
Floatin' like a soap bubble that you don't wann puncture  
Or rupture, I write what I udder, mother mother mother  
There's too many of us dying still trying and not doin'  
Not succeeding still pursuing what you doing?  
What you doing? What you doing?  
The session is started departed on schedule  
I beg you please lookover my lyrical menu  
What other can't do I can do  
Enhancing seven levels of your mental  
I dismantel stress, you're listening to the advanced lyrical best  
Worldwide qualified to administer any MC test  
Stop guessin' class is in full session  
Now Showbiz show 'em how